



Scenes from the Land of the Midnight Sun

— YUKON — — and — — ALASKA —

There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
It's luring me on as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting;
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great, big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

When the Prospector's pick has struck home in the Rocky Mountains that traverse the Yukon, a never-ending stream of gold and other minerals will again start and startle the world. But:

This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong
and your sane..

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them
sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the
core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen
ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with
my meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under
my feet."

"Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient and wearily
wise,

With the weight of a world of sadness in my quiet, passion-
less eyes;

Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a day,
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse me and go
away;

Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand that gave—
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path and I
stamp them into a grave.

Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming
me good,

Of children born in my borders, of radiant motherhood,
Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurled,
As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world."

This is the law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall
thrive;

That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and
slain,

This is the will of the Yukon,—Lo! how she makes it plain!

From "The Law of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.

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Scenes from The Land of the Midnight Sun

FOR years the need of a complete Souvenir Book of the North, a book that would fully illustrate and show up to the world at large this "Land of Gold," has been felt by the people of this country. Therefore, in publishing this Souvenir Book we have selected with great care pictures from the very earliest days of the Yukon and Alaska as well as scenes of to-day. The contrasts shown in this book are well worth pondering over—the men struggling and toiling up the heights of Chilkoot Pass, carrying heavy burdens on their backs—the men floating downstream in rude boats and scows, those incidents in the mad rush to the Klondyke Goldfields which are now only memories of days gone by—the scenes from Railways that will now carry you safely across those once dreaded heights and from palatial steamers that will swiftly convey you through this great Empire of ours—the scenes from our mines, the old windlass and up-to-date hydraulic and dredge methods—then the old rude and unfurnished cabins, now the well-fitted-up and comfortable modern homes—the then barren slopes now transformed into gardens producing all known garden products.

Such indeed is the tremendous change that has been brought about in the short space of ten years, and during that time the Klondyke Goldfields have poured out about \$150,000,000.00 in gold.

It is the aim of the publishers of this Souvenir Book to show plainly the conditions of the early days as compared with the ones now existing, in order to dispel the prevalent idea that this is only a land of snow and ice, and to show plainly its glorious climate, its wealth of vegetation, its fruits and flowers, its wealth in gold and other minerals. And to tourists we wish to show that, compared with "*The Land of the Midnight Sun*," the beauties of Switzerland's mountains, of Norway's fjords, of Italy's sun-bathed beaches, fade into a mere nothing. *Also this is a land without beggars.* From time to time in the future we shall issue enlarged editions of this book.

Landahl's Emporium - - - Dawson, Y.T., Canada



SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS DURING THE FIRST RUSH



THE LAST CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS



INDIAN CAMP

TYPICAL YUKON INDIANS
SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

INDIAN GRAVES, SELKIRK



WHITEHORSE, THE TERMINAL OF THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON R.R.



STEAMER HANNAH, N.C. CO.



STEAMER WHITEHORSE SHOOTING THE FIVE FINGER RAPIDS



STEAMER WHITEHORSE LEAVING DAWSON FOR WHITEHORSE



SCENE AT THE WHITE PASS DOCK, DAWSON



STREET SCENE IN DAWSON, 1899



STREET SCENE IN DAWSON, 1899



DAWSON FROM THE MOOSHIDE TRAIL



THE CLOSE OF DAY. PHOTO TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT



A STREET IN DAWSON. PHOTO TAKEN AT MIDNIGHT



SCENE NEAR THE MOUTH OF BONANZA



DAWSON BY THE LIGHT OF AURORA BOREALIS

“ But the others, the men of my mettle, the men who
would 'stablish my fame,
Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honor, not shame;
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each step as they go,
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, scaling my ramparts of
snow;
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the beds of my
creeks,
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a mother
speaks.
I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.
Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the
first;

Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a longing forlorn,
Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of little-
unborn.
Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not
be won in a day;
And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild,
But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the simple faith
of a child;
Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by fear or
defeat,
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with
my meat.”

From “The Law of the Yukon,” by Robert W. Service.



HUNTING SCENES FROM THE YUKON



A KLONDYKE FARM WITH GREENHOUSES



A CHICKEN RANCH IN THE KLONDYKE



A DAWSON RESIDENCE AND GARDEN



A SNOWSHOE PARTY IN THE KLONDYKE



KLONDYKE PRODUCTS



PUBLIC SCHOOL
COURT HOUSE

DAWSON POST OFFICE
ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD BUILDING



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

DAWSON

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH



COMMISSIONER'S RESIDENCE, DAWSON, Y.T.



FIREHALL IN DAWSON



ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, DAWSON

FATHER JUDGE

FATHER JUDGE

By ARNOLD F. GEORGE

The world was in a fever, men mad with tales of gold.
Crowned heads were raised to listen; and timid hearts grew cold;
And college savants stopped the class—discussed auriferous sand,
And preachers dropped their Bibles for the journals of the day.

And doctors cheered their patients with the tale so widely told,
Of where the rushing rivers were banked by banks of gold;
And bootblacks, princes, magnates, restless tossed by dreams of wealth,
On the altar to Dame Fortune cast their youth, their fortunes, health.

By Pelly Banks, past Ramparts, o'er Chilcoot's stormy height,
The snow was black with moving men, like locusts in a flight—
An exodus more mighty than that by Moses led—
A miracle but second to Elisha, raven-fed.

And listening to their speaking, as they draw their loaded sleds,
With 'feeble frames so famine pinched; and note their low-bowed heads:
Not one but deep is thinking—with heart as black as night—
How he'll leave the other fellow by his prowess and his might.

How he'll pass him in the night-time; how he'll neither eat nor sleep;
How he'll get there first "by Heaven," if he run or if he creep.
Not one a kindness showing; not one with aught to spare,
To prove the God in human nature—reciprocate our father's care.

Not one, but we are hasty. See yon form all dressed in black;
Sled ropes over shoulders, weakly bended back.
Observe that halting figure, eyes ablaze, but not with greed,
Fearful—anxious—half provided with the goods which he will need.

On the frozen, darkened river, silent wends this halting form;
Southward, mile by mile it travels, never heeding cold or storm;

On that face a holy smiling—holy purpose in that heart;
Not a gold-mine he is after; not dreams of wealth his pulses start.

On those lips a prayer is trembling: "Grant me strength, Lord, for my
task,

Thy lost sheep I fain would succor, a few more days is all I ask.
Nerve this feeble, falling temple; gird me, Lord, with strength Thine own,
Thine, O Lord, the glory ever; Thine, O Lord, and Thine alone."

Then with strength that's more human, Dawson finds him there at last,
Hundreds sick and dying round him, sands of life are ebbing fast;
In a tent without assistance, moves he fast from man to man;
Knows no creed and knows no color, be he black, or white, or tan.

Mines of Monte Cristo round him—wealth by millions to be had;
Not one thought of earthly treasure—for the gold that makes men mad;
Takes healing unguents, wholesome tonics, soothing potions from the sled,
He is cook and launderer, nurse and doctor, prays for the sick, inters
the dead.

See those buildings rise around him—five hundred beds and each one
filled;

See him give his life for sick ones, day or night when all is stilled;
On his couch a moment lying, but no sleep for wearied eyes;
See him sink at last exhausted—welcome rest—the good man dies.

Died! Yes, dead; and how we miss him, miss his heartsome, cheery
voice;

Miss this simple, earnest Christian, over whom the saints rejoice.
Priest he was, but more than priestly; man he was, but more than man;
Christ-taught pity played his heartstrings—fill his place no other can.

FATHER JUDGE

BY ARTHUR C. CHAMBERLAIN

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Hundreds sick and dying round him, sands of life are rubbing fa
Then with straight tread he goes, O how good he is!
Nerve this feeble, falling temple; gird me, Lord, with strength!
Thy lost sheep I vain would avenge, a few more days all I ask.
On those lips a prayer is trembling: "Grant me strength, Lord,
Not a gold-mine he is after; not dreams of wealth his pulse
On that face a holy sorrow—how please in that I say!

Southward, mile by mile it moves, never ceasing cold or storm;
On the frozen, darkened river, silent winds this halting form;
Fearful—anxious—half provided with the goods which he will need.
Observe these in that time, by which he will need.
Sled ropes over shoulders, weakly bended back.
Not one, but we are hasty. See you form all dressed in black;
To prove the God in human nature—reciprocate our father's care.
Not one a kindness showing; not one with ought to spare,
How he'll get there first "by Heaven," if he run or if he creep
How he'll pass him in the night-time; how he'll neither eat nor sleep;
Not one but deep is thinking—with heart as black as night—
With feeble flames so famine pinched; and note their low-bowed heads:
And the little, in that time, by which he will need.
A miracle but second to Elijah, raven-fed—
An exodus more mighty than that by Moses led—
The snow was black with moving men, like locusts in a flight—
By the night, past Rapture, O how good he is!
On the other, Dame Fortune and her young, of fortune, heads.
And poor as these, these images of restless, restless of wealth,
Of where the rushing rivers were banked by banks of gold;
And doctors cheered their patients with the tale so widely told,
And preachers dropped their Bibles on the floor at the end of the road.
Crowned heads were raised to listen; and timid hearts grew cold;
The world was in a fever, men were with tales of gold.



TRESTLE, KLONDYKE MINES RAILWAY



COAL CREEK RAILWAY



STAGE LINE BETWEEN DAWSON AND CREEKS



A MINER'S HOME

Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing
else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sun-
sets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream
streaking through it,
Searched the Vastness for a something you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's
sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost.

They have cradled you in custom, they have pruned you
with their preaching,
They have soaked you in convention through and through;
They have put you in a showcase; you're a credit to their
teaching—
But can't you hear the wild?—it's calling you.
Let us probe the silent places, let us seek what luck be-
tide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind, there's a star agleam
to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let us go.

From "The Call of the Wild," by Robert W. Service.



Y. G. CO.



Y. G. CO.



A LARGE SIZED DUMP



SPRING SLUICING OF A DUMP



DREDGE NO. 1 AT BEAR CREEK



AN ELECTRIC HOIST ON 30 BELOW, BONANZA, Y. G. CO.

But there's the land, there's the land;
I'm a wandering Jew, I'm a Jew;
From the East, where the sun is hot,
To the West, where the wind is cold;
Some say I'm a Jew, some say I'm a Jew;
Some say it's a fine land to roam;
Others say it's a fine land to roam;
But there's the land, there's the land;
I'm a wandering Jew, I'm a Jew.

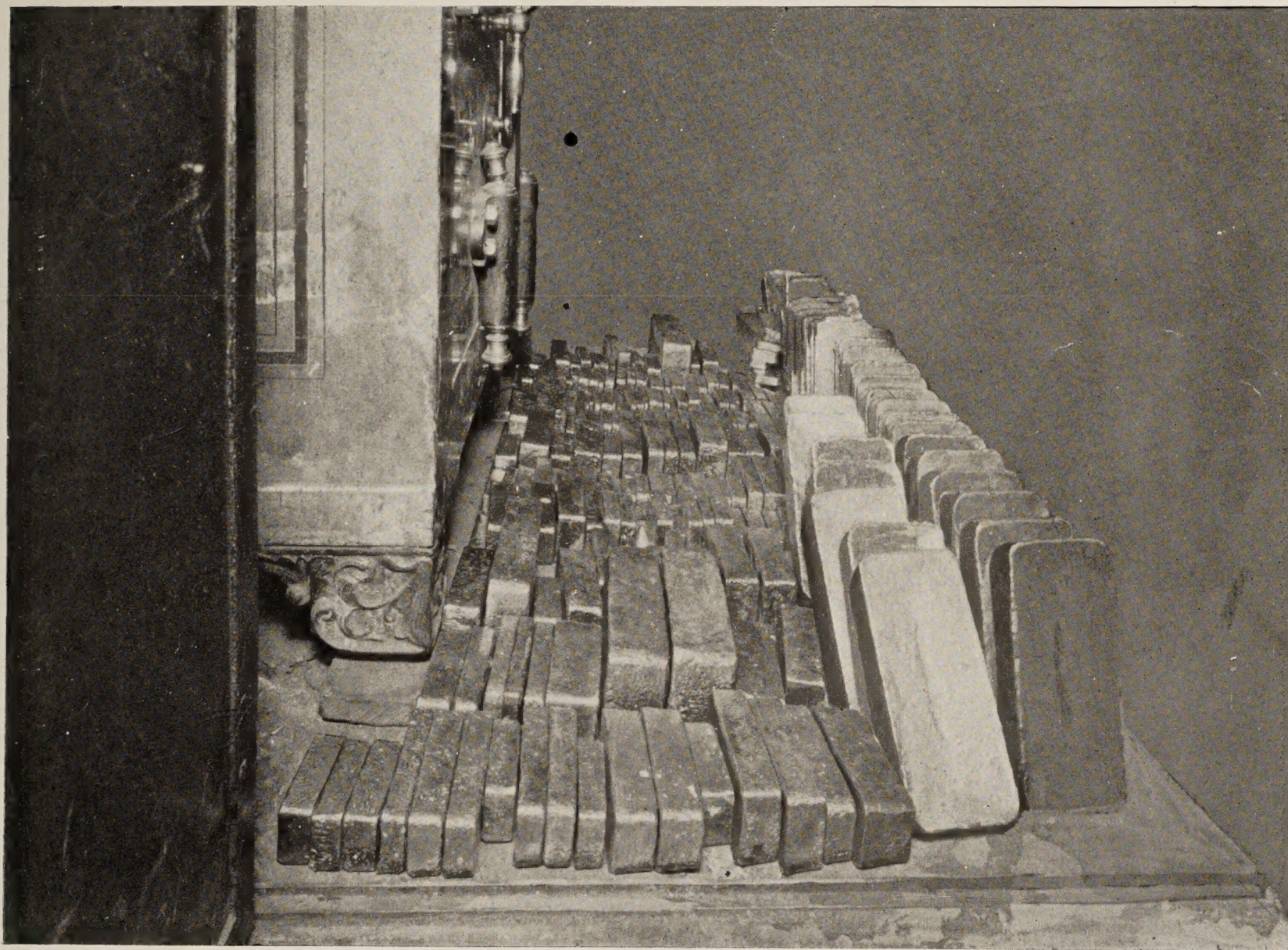
From the Ball of the Jew, by Robert B. Service

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scabbled and munched like a slave.
What it took me or gave me, I found it;
I found my soul and my love;
I wanted the gold and I got it;
I found my soul and my love;
I found my soul and my love;
I found my soul and my love;
I found my soul and my love;
I found my soul and my love;

I wanted the gold, and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy—I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall,—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the gold isn't all.

No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big, dizzy mountains that screen it,
To the deep, deathlike valleys below.
Some say God was tired when He made it;
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
Maybe: but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm one.

From "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert W. Service.



THREE TONS OF GOLD BRICKS IN THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, DAWSON

